ORIGIN

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PART IV OF VI
HEAVEN AND HELL

JENKINS KUBERT ISANOVE

LOGAN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *PLAYIN'* AT, BOY?

THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE IN THIS QUARRY, YOU LITTLE SLACK-OFF. NOW, GET UP THAT SODDING HILL BEFORE I *KICK* YOU UP IT!

I SAID *NOW!*

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... EH... ƎAH·HUHHƎ...

YOU SHORTED US *AGAIN,* COOKIE, YOU FAT TURD!

YEAH... THAT'S THE *THIRD TIME* THIS MONTH. I OUGHTTA KNOCK IT OUTTA YOUR *HIDE* ..

WHAT TH' HELL'RE YOU *TALKIN'* ABOUT, BILLY? I GAVE YOU *MORE* THAN YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO GET ..

YOU'RE A DAMN *LIAR,* COOKIE MALONE! YOU THINK PEOPLE AIN'T FIGURED OUT WHY YOU'RE THE ONLY *FAT* PERSON IN THE ENTIRE CAMP?

YOU THIEVIN' BASTARD! YOU'RE A *DEAD* MAN, YOU HEAR ME?

AAUHH ..!

WHERE THE DEVIL YOU ***BEEN,*** BOY? WE GOT ANOTHER FIFTY BARROWS TO GET THROUGH BEFORE DAY'S END!

I-I'M SORRY, SMITTY ..

SORRY DON'T CUT IT HERE, BUB. THIS PLACE, YOU SHAPE UP QUICK, OR YOU ***DIE.*** THERE AIN'T NO FREE RIDES, 'CAUSE I ***SAY*** THERE AIN'T.

NOW GET THIS LOAD DOWN THE HILL AN' BE BACK UP HERE IN SEVEN MINUTES ..

...AH-HEHH... =SNIFF=...

BOMP

OH... OH, NO!

NO!

HERE YOU GO, LITTLE BUDDY .. I GOT YOUR BACK.

THANKS.

HEY, THE PLEASURE'S *MINE* .. THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE *FOR,* RIGHT?

PEOPLE LIKE YOU AN' ME, WE GOTTA *STICK TOGETHER.* WE GOTTA HELP EACH OTHER OUT ..

.. OOPS.

AH·HUHH...

NO! *NO!*

SLAM

JAMES ··?

JAMES, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NOTHING.

Oh, JAMES... I'M SO SORRY FOR BRINGING YOU HERE ·· I JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO GO.

BUT WE HAVE TO BE ***CAREFUL*** FOR A WHILE, OKAY? WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE NO ONE KNOWS WHO WE ARE... WE CAN'T GET INVOLVED.

YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT IT IS, JAMES ·· I ***PROMISE.*** IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY?

NO.

AWoOOOooo

He never speaks, not to anyone.

I'm certain now it was a mistake to bring James here .. I don't see how he's going to make his way in such a vile place as this.

He seems so distant .. as if he's trying to understand what's happened to him, and yet block his memories of it at the same time.

Could it be that his mind has been injured as a result of what happened to his poor, dear father? I wonder if his brain is trying to heal in the same extraordinary way his body does.

Sadly, every time I try to talk to him about what happened in Alberta, he pushes me away. And now, with the snows fully upon us, he seems to be retreating even further into his own world.

It's going to be a hard winter for James and me...

...assuming we survive.

This camp is a wretched place full of wretched people. Poor James awakens hours before dawn each day in order to register for barrow duty at the quarry. He never once complains, bless his heart.

The foreman, Smitty, seems to be a very fair man, but he's ever so gruff. I've heard tell he was once a merchant sailor, but that he came here to run the camp after his father died.

He looks like he has a piece of every corner of the world written in the lines on his face.

My job is to organize affairs in the camp office, though Lord only knows how they've managed to get this far! It's a muddle of messy shelves and mixed-up paperwork.

What a jumble! Just like the people who live and work here, I fancy -- messy, disorganized, strewn all over the place...

...like a pack of wolves.

...I SAID, YOU CAN'T PREPARE MY SOUP 'CAUSE YOU STINK LIKE THE BACK END OF A *MOOSE!*

YOU *LISTENIN'* TO ME, YOU DIRTY, FAT SLOB?

HEY... HEY *YOU!*

WHERE YOU GOIN', LITTLE BUDDY?

NOW, LISTEN, KID... I WAS JUST HAVIN' SOME *FUN* BEFORE. NO HARD FEELINGS, HUH?

I SWEAR ON MY LIFE, IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A *JOKE.*

TELL YOU WHAT .. JUST T' PROVE I AIN'T LYIN', I GOTTA *PRESENT* FOR YOU. YOU LOOK HUNGRY... YOU WANT THIS?

Uh-HUH ..

AA-*UHH!*

WHAT ARE YOU... *CRAZY?*

HAW! LOOKIT THAT FAT IDIOT GO ..

GO GETTIM, COOKIE!

MMF... YOU TOUCH A MAN'S FOOD OUT HERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL ASK HIM T' BREAK YOUR NECK, BOY... =CHOMPF=...

HERE. NOW I'M FINISHED WITH IT ..!

YOU LITTLE COW-PAT! DID I SAY YOU COULD HAVE IT? DID I?

I'LL TEACH YOU TO STEAL FROM ME, YOU LITTLE RUNT! I'LL KILL YOU.

..UHHBB...

HRR... WHASSAMATTER, KID .. GOT NOTHIN' T' *SAY* TO YER OLD PAL, COOKIE?

I DON'T HEAR NO *APOLOGY* OUTTA YOU YET ..

THAT'S ENOUGH, COOKIE. LEAVE HIM *BE* NOW, YOU HEAR?

I SAID THAT'S *ENOUGH*, MALONE.

RIGHT... RIGHT. OKAY. WE DIDN'T *MEAN* NUTHIN', SMITTY. ME AN' THE KID WAS JUST FOOLIN' AROUND ..

C'MON, KID, UP YA GET AN' AWAY HOME WITH YA.

DON'T LET A MAN LIKE THAT GET ON YOU, SON... 'CAUSE HE'LL SURE AS THE DEVIL TRY TO *KILL* YOU IF YOU DO.

We're now into our second summer at the camp, dear diary ·· There's a thick curtain of leaves on the trees now, but I fancy even the forest can't disguise the squalor of this awful place.

I can't help thinking how angry Mother Nature must be that she can't cover such an ugly stain on her pretty dress.

I'm not sure I even remember what the world outside the camp looks like anymore. I sometimes feel as though everything has changed ·· no one more so than James.

Did it really all happen, I wonder? Or was it just a dream?

SNIFF SNIFF

SNAP

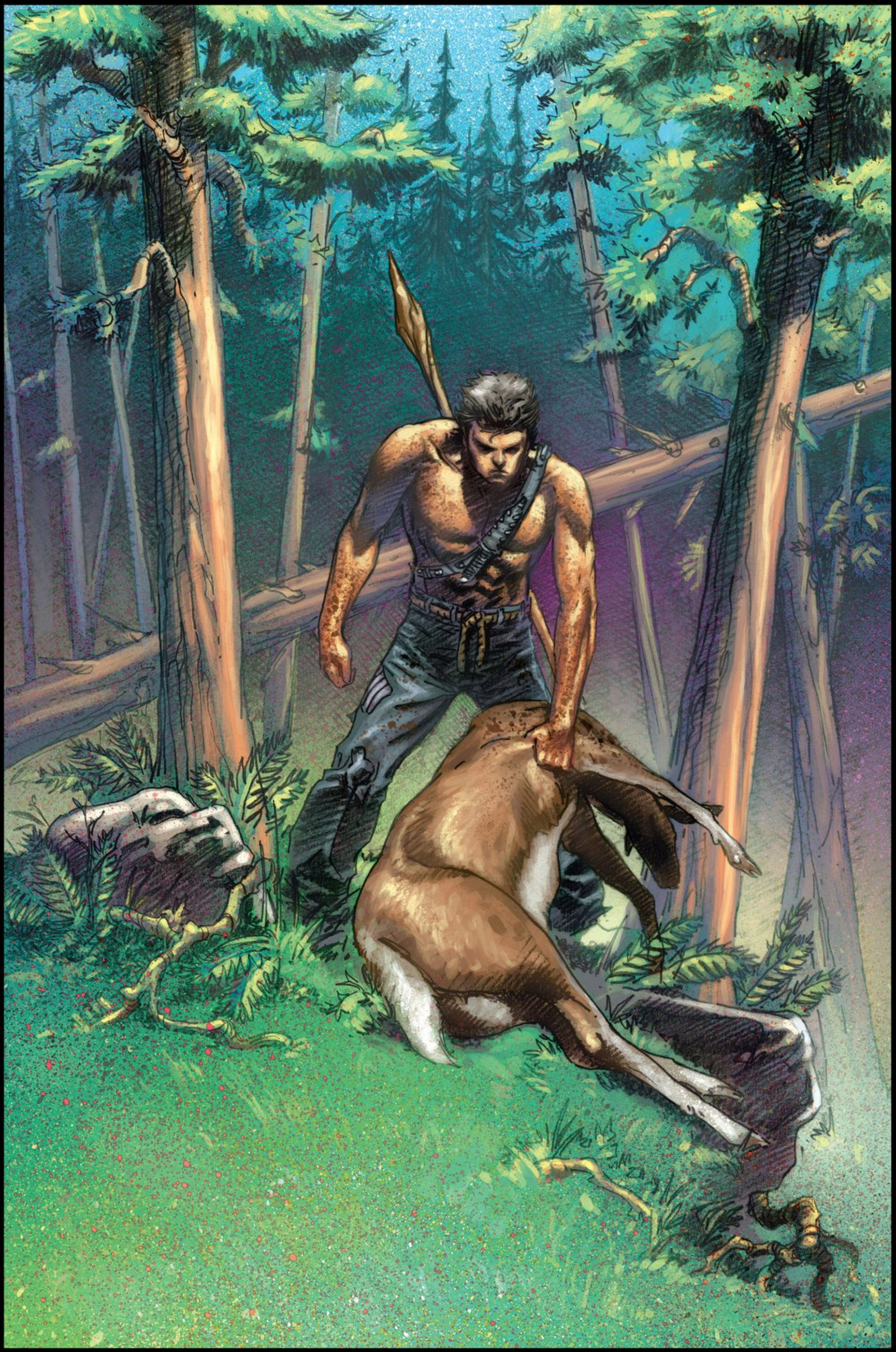
H·HELLO? IS SOMEONE THERE?

SNAP

AAH!

I CAN *HEAR* YOU BACK THERE .. I KNOW YOU'RE *SPYING* ON ME! WHO'S TH..

.. OH, LORD...



JAMES! DID YOU ··?

I MEAN...

WHAT? WHAT *IS* IT?

I THOUGHT I *SAW* SOMETHING.

DID YOU HEAR THAT NOISE, ROSE?

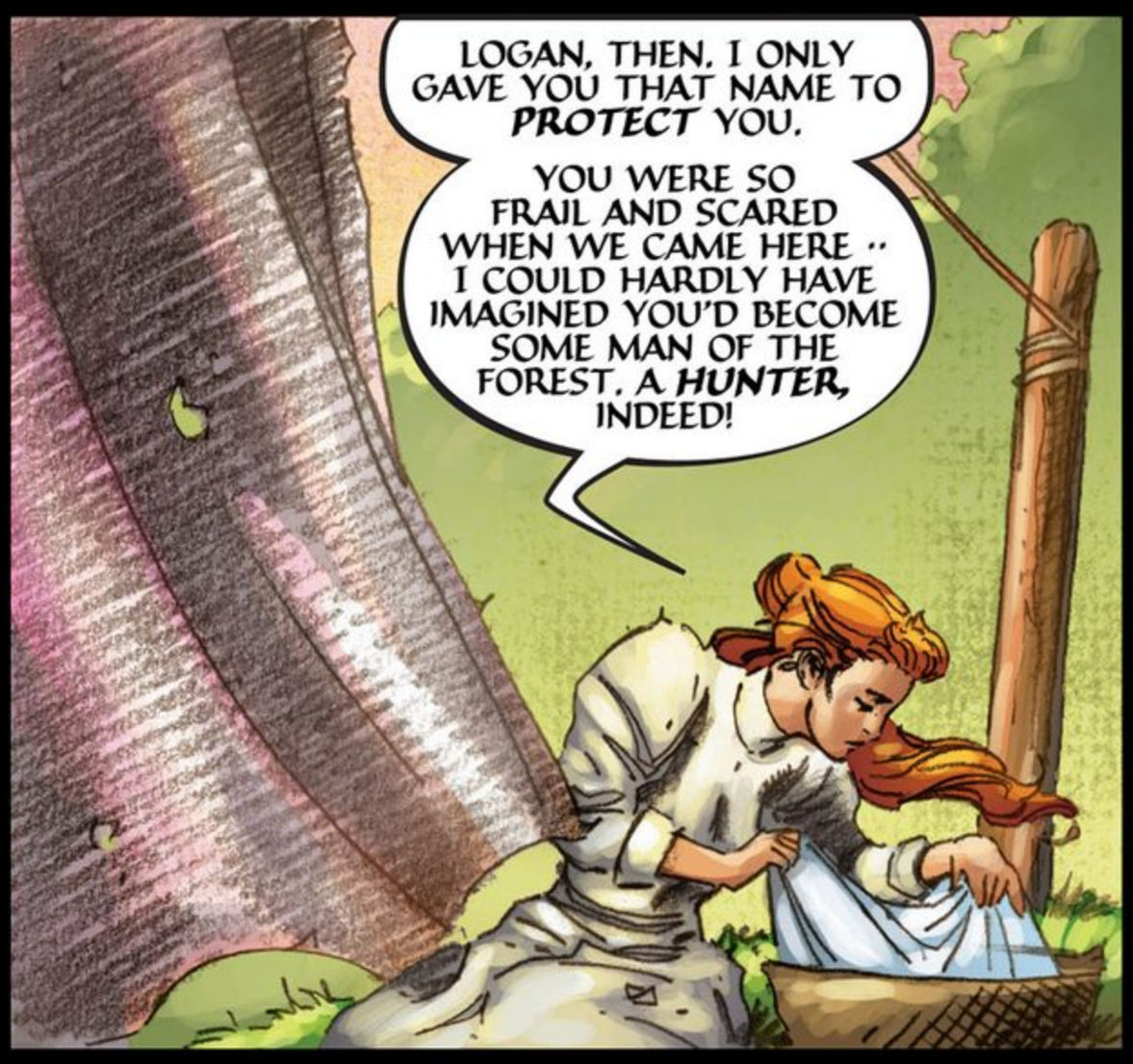
JAMES... I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO GET THAT DEER, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE A *GODSEND* WHEN THE WEATHER TURNS.

THAT SLUG OF A COOK SHORTED OUR RATIONS AGAIN. WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM TO MAKE HIM *HATE* US SO?

ROSE, PLEASE... YOU CAN'T SAY A *WORD* TO COOKIE.

HE'LL *KILL* ME.

YOU'VE CHANGED, JAMES ..
LOGAN, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED ME TO CHANGE, ROSE.


LOGAN, THEN. I ONLY GAVE YOU THAT NAME TO PROTECT YOU.
YOU WERE SO FRAIL AND SCARED WHEN WE CAME HERE .. I COULD HARDLY HAVE IMAGINED YOU'D BECOME SOME MAN OF THE FOREST. A HUNTER, INDEED!

IT'S THE WAY I AM NOW, ROSE. MAYBE THIS IS WHO I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE.

MM, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT HOWEVER DID YOU MANAGE TO LEARN SUCH A THING?
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S JUST, YOU KNOW...

...AN URGE.

LOGAN... THERE ARE SOME THINGS I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT .. SOME THINGS I FEEL I NEED TO EXPLAIN.

IT'S ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN ALBERTA ..

NO! SHUT UP!

YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO *TALK*, ROSE! EVERY TIME YOU GET TO THINKING, YOU WANT TO GABBLE ON FOREVER ABOUT LIFE BEFORE WE CAME HERE.

WELL, THERE *IS* NO LIFE BEFORE WE CAME HERE, UNDERSTAND?

I'M NOT THAT PERSON ANYMORE.

My dearest James -- or Logan if you prefer -- there's so much I wish I could tell you. I don't know why you won't allow it, but you've suffered so much I cannot bring myself to force the issue!

I'm watching you work as I write this -- you've grown remarkably since we came here, but you remain the same helpless child I once knew.

In many ways, you are much like your father -- he was such a kind and giving man. And an awfully hard worker.

You have his good nature in your eyes, no matter how hard you try to hide it.

That's just it, isn't it? You burn with a desire to be someone other than yourself. Is it because of what's happened to your body, I wonder?

Or is it something more -- have you truly forgotten who you once were?

I hope you will consent to read this diary one day, dear James. I won't be able to live with myself until you learn the truth of what happened back in Alberta

LOOK, MARY .. AIN'T THAT THE LOGAN BOY? THE *HUNTER?*

I 'EARD HE GAVE A SIDE O' DEER TO JAKE WALKER'S WIDOW. THE WHOLE CAMP'S TALKIN' ABOUT IT ..

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU T' WALK THE OTHER *WAY.*

I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE. I'LL GO THAT WAY FROM NOW ON.

NOT SO *FAST*, KNUCKLEHEAD.

HEY, LAY OFF THE BOY, COOKIE. HE AIN'T DONE NUTHIN' TO YOU ..

HEY, YOU SEE *THAT*? HE'S TRYING TO STEAL FOOD!

WAIT! I DIDN'T ..

I'LL LEARN YOU *PROPER* THIS TIME, YOU LITTLE RUNT!

ƎuffƎ

AA-Uhh!

COME ON, BOY .. YOU WANNA GIVE YER OLD PAL COOKIE A SHOT? LET'S *SEE* IT, THEN!

NNN .. I THOUGHT SO!

WHUMP

=Ghuhh..=

I TOLD YOU I'D KILL YOU IF YOU EVER CROSSED ME AGAIN, KNUCKLEHEAD. DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID TH' *FIRST* TIME?

HEY, I ASKED YOU A *QUESTION* ..

Y-YEAH...

Huh ..?

=UHHW=

I WARNED YOU, MALONE.

NNN– AHH!

THIS IS MY CAMP, YOU SPINELESS TURD. I TOLD YOU TIME AN' TIME AGAIN WHAT'LL HAPPEN, YOU CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE.

OKAY... OKAY .. I GIVE.

C'MON, SMITTY... PLEASE...?

Eh·Uhh...E

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU, BUB? DIDN'T I TELL YOU T' STAND UP T' THIS FAT IMBECILE ON YER OWN?

NN·UHH... Shuff

... EAH-HEHHE... OH, GOD...

...I COULDN'T... EAH-UHHE... I COULDN'T *DO* IT...

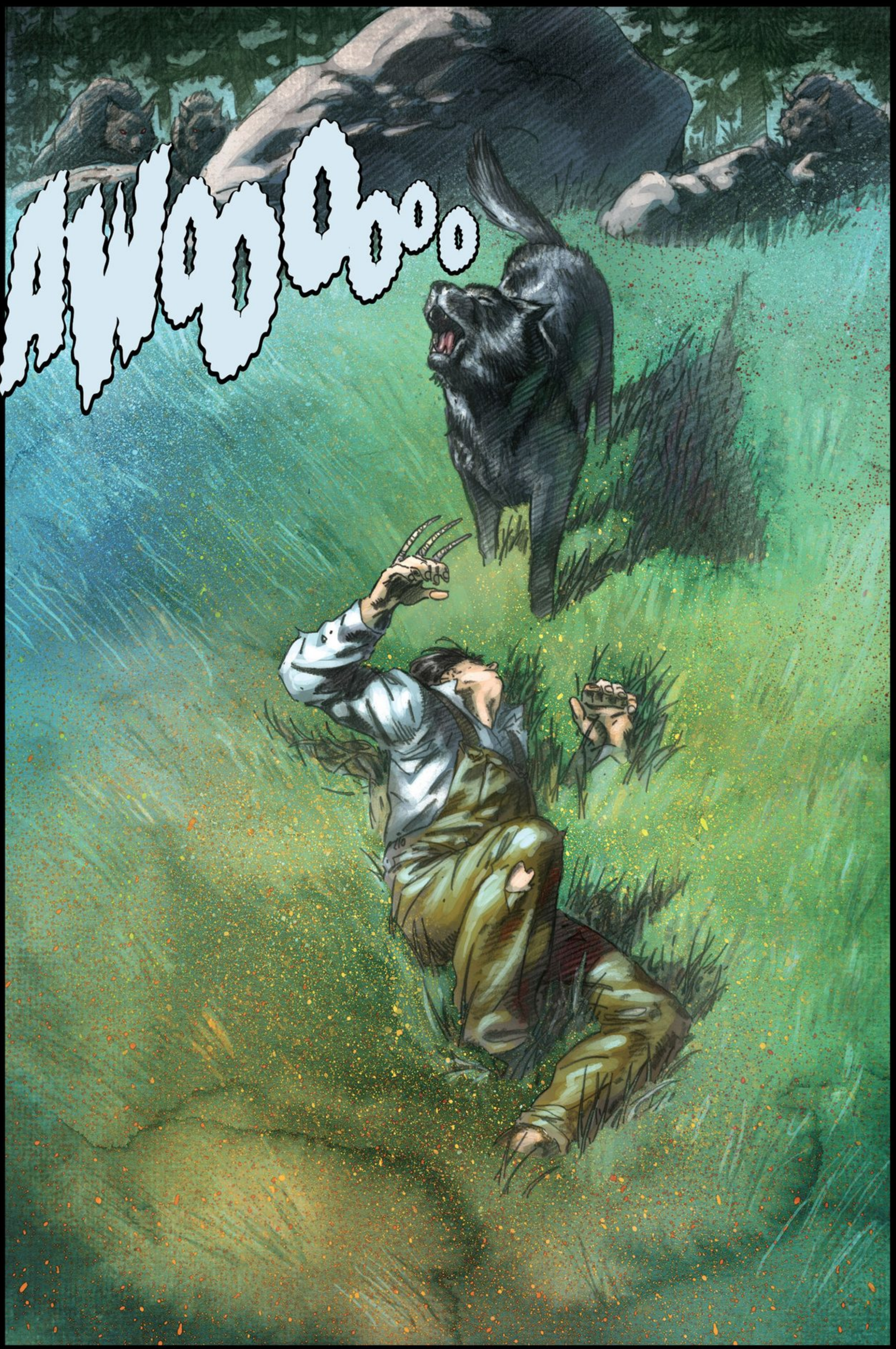
...HHH... EHUFFE...

N-NO... STAY BACK ..

GRRRR

SNIKT

GRRRR


AWOOO

ZONE